

## The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

### Ohio State Engineer

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# CHEMICAL ENGINEERING SENIOR LOWDOWN

I TURNED around to see who was tapping on my shoulder. "What is it?" I asked. After confirming his guess as to who I was, he said, "I am an ENGINEER reporter. Can you give me the lowdown on the Senior Chemical Engineers?" "To be sure," I answered, for I am a Chemical Engineer and always polite and obliging.

"First in mind comes Prexy CHUTE," said I, and to his question why, answered, "From his being late to class so much, one would hardly expect him to do such a good job as president of the A. I. Ch. E. The dance was a whiz and part of the credit goes to ABBOTT who as treasurer, only came out twenty dollars behind."

"Along with Abbott comes Apple-Polisher AL-BRIGHT whose huge hulk and red hair are always prominent. And speaking of hair, what would the Chemicals do if they didn't have BILL DOOLAN to notify them when their hair needs cutting?"

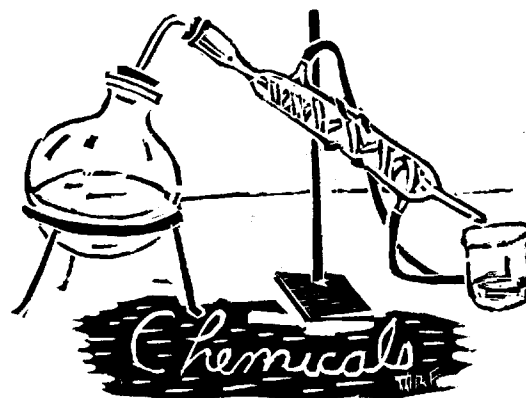
"Say, do you know those two boys?" I asked pointing to two small figures that showed the results of many tussles. "The one who is talking is GEORGE SHEETS, who is telling his patient roommate, SIMERAL, for the 1057th time about his love affairs. Simeral, meanwhile, is silently thinking of the 'Blue Moon' sweetheart that Ostentatious OMWAKE is trying to steal."

"And over there is STOOPS who has borrowed the tie he is wearing (and everything else he could get his hands on) from LOUIS RUIDISCH who is too passive to resist. And the boys with blank faces are ZULANDT, RAMEY and GAYLORD laughing at one of QUINCY JUNIOR EWING'S unfunny jokes."

"Who is that asleep over there?" asked my interviewer. "That is 'Can't Take It' TOUCHMAN who is still recuperating from his night out on the inspection trip. The quartet reciting the very much worn out 'Feinberg's Dead' piece is composed of MILLER, HISER, DERBYSHIRE and his shadow, OSBORNE. That's Athlete ARMSTRONG (the athlete applies to the brain as well) who is trying to talk them into joining the A. I. Ch. E. ball team."

"Muscle Mind LISLE and Joisy City GRAHAM are diligently discussing their theses. But the conversation between SHANK, who doesn't let his drawing interfere with his gossiping, and RICKEY, who isn't so good at the drawing either, is not on quite such a high level."

"What's that?" asked the reporter in a frightened voice. "It's only GRICE'S Chevrolet junk heap carrying its owner and Cherub GUNYOU. Grind GRICE is the boy who is taken for a ride by Pullen of the bookstore romance, Chute and Doolan who give him the 5:00 in the morning part of the thesis they are wasting time with. And look, there must be something wrong, there are BERZY and GORDON on their way to class for the first time in——"



"Don't tell me; let me guess," interrupted my reporter friend impolitely, for you see he wasn't a Chemical Engineer. "That must be the Beta Mu Bungstarter, PHIL SHARR, and with him is WILSON; am I right?" I nodded an affirmative, and went on as though nothing had interrupted me, for I am a Chemical Engineer and polite. "Those two are WENDT and BRADEN. Merle Wendt is our representative on the football team," I said proudly, "and Braden is the one behind the Cheshire grin."

"WISE and HALE are discussing a weighty matter, for any matter concerning these two boys is weighty. COFFMAN is admiring the pencil he got in Machine Design class the day he chiseled in for that purpose alone. BISHOP and DINKELAKER are out in the country taking a spin in the blue Buick belonging to the latter. Bishop is probably delivering a lecture on the relative qualities of alfalfa and timothy to provide the hayseed for one's hair. He is interested in sending a truck load over to the Mechanicals."

"That," I answered to the reporter's inquiry, "is NICK FATICA, not training for opera, but just singing to help his drawing, if any. With him in Brown 306 are Sucrose EVANS and CAMMERER. Sucrose is settling up his candy accounts and Cammerer is just watching with a hungry mouth in case there turns up a surplus. And there is HAUGHTON——"

"Wait," interrupted the reporter again impolitely (he is not a Chemical), "let's not mention Haughton. He got in last year. And where are RITTER and FOLKERTH?"

"Oh!" I laughed, "Ritter is home in bed. His wife got up early to go to work to earn their rent, and forgot to call him. And Dave Folkerth is in Alliance with Jane. He comes home once in a while to go to class but soon goes back to meet his Alliance class, or is it lass, or is it——"

Plop! I turned around and found my reporter friend stretched out cold. Being of a good nature and full of kindness (I am a Chemical Engineer) I took his notes and wrote up the interview myself.